

This show was done on about four hours sleep (maybe less) on a very long day. Earlier in the day I found myself speaking at a Catholic church (something I never ever thought I'd do) saying goodbye to a crazy rock and roller who left too soon, then driving in a twenty car, twenty mile interstate procession on several interstates to be met by a rag-tag bunch of musicians playing New Orleans marches as the sun shone brightly to rush home, pick up my equipment, pick up Larry and hit the road to New York. In Midtown there were police everywhere. New York Cops, State Cops, national guardsmen. There was supposed to be some big music festival going on, but the Sidewalk Café wasn't any different than usual, maybe even less crowded. The city is still finding its way back. On the way back, a huge cloud of smoke still hung over what once was the world trade center and we were the only car on the highway over Jersey City to the turnpike—something I would never have imagined. Larry kept me entertained on the quick trip back by telling hysterical stories about being the warm up act for Jimmy Carter in presidential primaries long ago.